THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PERMANENT PROBLEM

WITH a steady, persistent movement, day by day for more than two weeks, prices on the stock exchanges of the country—particularly in Wall Street—have risen, and the volume of trading has grown larger. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been added to the values of a large range of securities. Coincidentally, there have been published despatches from most parts of the country recording the reopening of mills, mines and factories long shut down, or the increasing of the labor force of other plants which had been operating with greatly reduced personnel. There is a growing belief in some quarters that the turning of the tide of depression has actually, at long last, arrived. Those who so believe, it need hardly be stated, are of that type to whom the modern industrial system appears as the best ever designed by mankind—so fundamentally sound that, in spite of the shocks and dislocations of the last few years, it is certain to reëstablish and maintain its normal efficiency now that the danger of further violent shocks has apparently quite definitely passed. That this opinion is justified in at least one important respect, seems fairly certain. The peril of sudden panics seems to have been overcome. The return to the United States for reinvestment of large amounts of European capital, withdrawn so drastically during the four major panics that occurred since the crash of October, 1929, may be accepted as a proof that Europe no longer dreads that complete collapse of the American financial and industrial structure which loomed as a possibility in the mists of fright and uncertainty which obscured all but the calmest and best-balanced minds for so long a time.

Nevertheless, even the remarkable recovery so far effected seems to be based less upon the financial and industrial realities than upon almost purely psychological motives. There are as yet no reports indicating substantial increases in earning power, or of production, or of railroad business. Mr. Mark Sullivan, in a notably shrewd and prudent analysis of the strange situation, quotes a current opinion which "says that what has happened so far is the natural rebound from a condition of extreme panic to a condition of normal depression. In putting it that way there is a touch of deliberate humor. The intention is to emphasize that the country is not out of the depression nor markedly on the way out yet. There is complete confidence that the setting for recovery is here and that the beginning of recovery is immediately ahead of us. There is also,

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however, general conviction that the recovery cannot possibly take place at any such rapid pace as has prevailed the last week."

Incidentally to the consideration of the main problems presented by our present paradoxical situation, it may be said that those newspapers which emphasize the spectacular gains made by individual traders in Wall Street are unconsciously, yet none the less certainly, supplying ammunition to the extreme radical elements in the country, who see in the sensational Wall Street happenings nothing but further proof of their basic thesis that the new bull market is only the result of a plot of mere gamblers—the operations of pools and gangs of speculators fishing in troubled waters for their personal and wholly selfish benefit. That such individuals, and such groups, exist, nobody need doubt; but it is fantastic to suppose that they created or control the present abnormal situation. Primarily, the change has come because of the improvement in European conditions in so far as these directly affect American conditions; supplemented by the growing belief that the agencies set up by the American government, and almost completely non-partizan in their control, must soon begin to influence favorably the immediate resumption of constructive activities throughout the land.

The fact that these goverenmental devices for extending credit in so many directions must eventually produce very drastic changes in the methods, possibly in the underlying principles, of American economic life is not worrying any but a small minority of philosophic minds. "Any port in a storm" is the maxim of political and economic affairs as well as of seamanship, and the solving of emergencies must always come first in the practical world today. Let the future face its own problems, seems to be the current mood.

But there is an immediate problem, as well as a future one, that also is in some danger of being shelved. It is one to which we have called our readers' attention over and over again—and this we must continue to do, because it is a problem which in our judgment transcends all others in real importance. It is the problem of the relief of the unemployed. So far, there is no substantial reduction of their numbers. Week by week, and month by month—and winter drawing nearer day by day—the funds available for their aid, whether their own savings, or the savings of their relatives and friends, and the funds of the relief societies, and of municipal and state agencies, grow more and more depleted. There is general agreement among those best qualified to judge the situation that efforts far greater than any which ever before have been put forth by the nation for the purpose of charity must be exerted promptly, or else no amount of Wall Street prosperity will save millions of American men, women and children from a vast calamity. The citizens relief movement—the mobilization of the welfare and relief organizations—headed by Mr. Newton D. Baker, becomes incomparably the greatest and most essential activity to engage the best efforts of the people of the United States. For it is a permanent problem which has to be faced. All expectation of anything like a general return to work of the more than ten millions now idle has been given up, even by the most optimistic heralds of the return of "prosperity." The reëmployment of the larger part of this multitude can be at best a very slow and gradual process. Yet not until it has been completed can there be genuine prosperity. Meanwhile, the helpless victims of the economic disaster must be cared for. The task will require the best and most wisely directed coöperation of which Americans are capable.

WEEK BY WEEK

IT IS now clear that after quite fantastic disturbances, the German public voted to what seems little avail. The constitution of the Reichstag will be somewhat altered, to be sure, but the ballot-boxes said nothing unrelated to what was garnered from the presidential campaign. Herr Hitler emerged with the number of legislators to which he would then have been entitled but for Bruening's decision to hold out against a new parliamentary election. His uproarious movement has reduced the small liberal parties to insignificance, but both Center and Social Democracy have stood firm. Today there is, to be sure, a balance in favor of the Right if the Hitlerites can really be defined as a conservative group. Whether a parliamentary majority is thinkable, or whether the President will attempt to rule without such a majority, cannot at present be determined. For our part we believe that the Reichswehr is not an utterly reliable fundament for a dictatorship. After all, no one man holds this army securely in his grip; and the South German states, resenting the attempt to govern in terms of Hugenbergist Prussia, might well make the lot of any reigning general more than trying. In like manner all talk of Hohenzollern restoration may be dismissed as a pipe dream. The world does not change overnight. Eventually Germany will have to solve the Hitler enigma, and when that happens the drift will tell us as much of the future as we can profitably desire to know.

German Elections in Retrospect

ON AUGUST 2 death claimed one of the most attractive among post-war statesmen, Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, once Chancellor of Austria and always a figure of primary importance in that republic's political affairs. History will remember several dramatic scenes in his career: the successful appeal to the League of Nations for a loan to rehabilitate Austrian industry, then perilously near collapse; his resistance, as leader of the Christian Democrats, to a Marxist threat of dictatorship which almost made Vienna resemble a battlefield; and his skilful defense of semi-Fascist organizations which he looked upon as useful allies. But though these and similar matters form the basis of his reputation as a statesman, we wish

Monsignor Seipel

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to remember here the man whose character was an excellent sample of Austrian Catholic virtue—that union of care with courtesy, of traditionalism with innovating intuition, which is far too often left unappreciated. Monsignor Seipel was never more himself than when he insisted upon a pardon for the man who had well-nigh been his assassin; for that act of charity was prompted by no reckoning with expediency but by the fervent living in the spirit of the "Imitation" which enabled him to endure without flinching poverty, hatred, ill health and catastrophic change. He survived from a gorgeous past into a harassed and tawdry present. But these trials, however severe, were powerless to daunt a soul whose haven was eternity and whose hopes were solidly anchored there. Many disagreed violently with Seipel, the statesman; there was none to deny reverence to Seipel, the priest.

Religion and Democracy

A VERY interesting form of a thesis familiar to our readers—the thesis of the close and derivative connection between democracy and Catholicism—is advanced in the current *Franciscan* by John Franklin. Mr. Franklin deals, not with historical evolution or political abstractions, both of them in the domain of the adult thinker, but with the concrete and almost pragmatic truths evident to the growing youth. His paper, indeed, might almost be developed into a manual for classroom practice in Catholic secondary schools. It takes, as the basis of its positive argument, a representative brief culled from a public school textbook, on the subject of religion in this commonwealth and, after due cancellation of pros and cons, sets this down as the typical American conviction, embodied in our teaching to our children: "that we have become less religious, that this is not good," since "both family life and the democratic form of government are seriously hazarded" thereby, and "that therefore they should become more religious."

OF COURSE this states the general public conviction on this subject in the very highest terms. Public high schools, especially in very large cities, have their quota of teachers who believe, and too often teach, that religion is a shackle on the soul of man; and in other parts of the country, the opposite extreme of public school teacher is not unknown—the type who adheres to, and virtually imposes on pupils, a "religion" so tight, so inhuman and prejudiced, that it *is* a shackle. But between these extremes does truly fall the typical segment of educational opinion which reflects what is still the typical general opinion. A public, essentially religious-minded, even if groping and addicted to catchwords, does still see a real connection between a man's sense of moral responsibility, as that comes out in his domestic and civic functioning, and that larger thing it cannot often define, "the faith that is in him." Mr. Franklin is right in stressing the value of this fact as a basis for teaching the perfect and predestined harmony between true Americanism and true Catholicism. It is to be hoped that this positive basis will prevail more and more explicitly in our Catholic schools.

Pipes of a Practical Man

THE CARNEGIE libraries are an enduring memorial to a shrewd Scotsman who became a great capitalist and who managed his wealth as a social trust rather than as private booty. He made numerous other bequests and not one of the least of them was his giving of pipe organs. These he scattered throughout the country. And now, as declared by the New York *Times*, "he would have special pleasure if he could know the uses to which the organ in the hall that bears his name (No. 7,636 in the series of his organ gifts) is being put, in offering to the public free midday concerts." These concerts are open to all, either busy persons taking a few moments of relaxation, or the unemployed seeking a little relief from their anxieties. Noble music is certainly good for a person. It does one lasting good. Its harmonies linger when chaos seems imminent and are an inspiration to struggle again to maintain order and justice and peace in the world. One of the greatest lacks in the United States, it has seemed to us, has been the lack of free music. The few public band concerts that we know of have always been thronged by a most appreciative audience, delighted to have an opportunity to employ its leisure well. Round the edges are children who race and shout and young couples whose attention is not altogether on the musical emotions; they too have their place in the scene and are enjoying, and benefiting from, the music after their fashion.

ONE OF our pleasantest memories of life abroad is of the al fresco concerts there. They were a safety valve for the emotional release of the natural human instinct to seek a little gaiety now and then. The scene is animated, cheerful; one sees life. Even in New York, where the crowds pretty nearly submerge the infrequent concerts of this character and make them somewhat of an ordeal except for the hardy or determined, they are a bright relief, somewhat better than the movies, or the radio, or many of the expensive entertainments of Broadway. Our country needs more inutilitarian divertissements. A Puritan sanctification of work, a relic of the stoicism and hard labor required of the pioneer, has inclined the national character to look rather askance at spending the public moneys for non-productive enterprises. This has led us to produce to a point where we have reached the present strange stalemate where the country is faced with destitution in the midst of plenty. The emphasis has been too much on the urge to produce more, more, more; what is patently needed is greater consumption. Instinct is so ingrained for many that they cannot conceive of consumption except in the creation of more productive enterprise. National exhaustion lies in that direction. What is needed is more intelligent, human recreation.

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The Detection Club

IN ANY fair list of the problems which currently beset Western civilization, the growth of the detective story cannot be omitted. The most untrained, the least statistical, eye can see the difference that has come over the book-store window and the lending library in the last two years; can discern that the proportions of subjects treated have altered so strangely that, instead of an outlay of biography and fiction salted by an occasional mystery thriller, there is an effect, at least—as in the case of the sea—of nothing but salt. In referring to this growth as a problem, let us hasten to say it is not these proportions we deprecate, but rather the quality of what goes to compose them. It is a healthier appetite, by far, to seek good, clean murder than certain types of debunking or back-stairs biography, or of realistic or sophisticated fiction. But with the increase of practitioners, the craft has certainly suffered. Too many airy fancies depending on death-rays and real ghosts are offered us instead of honestly planned crimes; and, much worse, too many stenciled detectives, each a threadbare copy of the other, and none of them capable of doing any real detecting. It is with a thrill of pleasure, therefore, that we get wind of an organization whose purpose it is to rebuke these errancies, and bring back the detective story to the field of real contrivance, fair play and hard work where it belongs. The club announces the three cardinal rules from which a good story never departs: the detective must not merely add to the atmosphere, but must do the work; the devices must not go outside the facts accepted by science; and the clews must be given the reader as fast as they come to the detective. As is meet, Mr. Chesterton, the father of one of the two great giants of modern detective fiction, is a member. The father of the other, unhappily, is dead. Would that he could return as he planned to do, poor soul! Here is a work that really needs him much more than the Society of Psychical Research.

The Peculiar Chinese

A FEW years ago the motion picture comedian Harold Lloyd made a picture which, we are happy to recall, was bitterly criticized in China, and finally barred from Chinese theatres. It is not that we fail in due admiration for Mr. Lloyd, who is indeed one of the most refreshing entertainers in the world. But this particular picture built up the challenge and peril from which his happy clowning and extravagant ingenuity found the way out, on the alleged menace of San Francisco Chinatown gangs and opium smokers and sinister what-nots generally; and so peculiar is the Chinee (as Bret Harte told us long ago) that he resented this to the point of boycotting the picture. He has not changed since then, apparently; even when acclimatized in America, land, home and fount of publicity, he does not like it. His reactionary impulses are so marked that, rather than be photographed as an opium-smoker, he prefers not being photographed at all. The New York policemen who discovered this the other day must have been surprised. When they lent their services to a motion picture company which was staging a fake narcotic raid in Doyers Street, it must have hurt them cruelly in their Americanism to have raidees and spectators alike express an unmistakable disfavor for the proceedings by letting fly carrots and tomatoes from nearby roofs and cellars. On precisely what theory of their functions the police were acting, in taking part in the stupid business in the first place, and in arresting some of the protesting Chinese in the second, we have not been able to learn. A racial instinct for a reputation of rectitude, a pardonable disinclination of an ancient people to be limned at their lowest level, is hardly a thing to penalize.

Liturgical Progress

THAT music utterly divorced from the world and from the attraction of material things can hold an American audience as closely as an opera or a symphony is proved whenever the Choir of the Pius X School of Liturgical Art of the College of the Sacred Heart gives one of its too rare public concerts. It was proved again last week at its appearance at Columbia University, in the McMillin Academic Theatre, when it gave a concert composed of Gregorian Chant with other liturgical music by Palestrina, De Lassus, Vittoria, Ingegneri and Isaaks. There was in addition a modern composition, "Our Lady Sings," from a cantata by E. L. Voynich, and an ancient Irish melody, "Christ's Sacrifice," both of which were exquisitely spiritual in style and content. It was a concert which held the large audience entranced from beginning to end. Yet excellent as the audiences are which attend these concerts, it is doubtful if American Catholics as a mass, even those of the clergy, realize what an extraordinary work Mother Stevens, the director of the Pius X School, is doing for the Church.

MUSIC in our parishes, through no fault of the parishes themselves, is too often lamentable both to those with musical taste and those who wish to accede to the commands of the Holy Father as to the type of music to be used at Mass. We are not a musical nation and our priests and religious have not been trained so as to be able to recognize and consequently be equipped to offer proper music to their congregations. Sunday after Sunday we are forced to listen to worldly music, often of the cheapest and most vulgar sort, simply because priests, organists and choirs are unequipped to give the music which should be given. It is the mission of Mother Stevens and the Pius X School to remedy this condition, by offering a focal point from which the true principles of liturgical music can spread throughout the parishes of the country. How magnificently the school is carrying out this mission is exemplified at every concert it gives, and never more beautifully so than at the last one.

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CULTURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

RUMOR is by no means always as dependable as the dictionary, but discussion of the plight of cultural activity in the United States is so general and so specific that one cannot well doubt the seriousness of the trouble which lies ahead for educational and kindred pursuits. During several generations, the nation has not looked upon the "things of the mind" as luxuries. Apart from sums liberally spent to establish the elementary and the secondary school, millions have been poured annually into the funds which support the university, the college and the research institution. Had the federal government accumulated an emergency fund equal to the endowment of Harvard, the money needed to liquidate the present fiscal crisis would be available ten times over. Yet it is only recently that even the greatest universities have become income-hoarding institutions. Relying upon large and financially responsible student bodies, fairly sure that "gifts" would continue to pour in, academic management has been concerned primarily with enlarging the scope of the service rendered.

Today much is in jeopardy even in the best circles. Nevertheless our concern is not with them but with that vast group of cultural enterprises in the making which have always carried on more or less from hand to mouth. These are devoted to many causes and purposes, but Catholic cultural activity is a fair sample of their status and opportunities. Schools and colleges pledged to teach in the name of the Church were built on shaky foundations. Most of them began with a handful of religious who erected a building, often with their own hands, and then relied upon attracting a sufficient number of students to "make the undertaking pay." It is only during the past twelve years—that is, during the period of unparalleled prosperity as a creditor nation—that any number of Catholic institutions could expand and feel comfortable while doing so. A few could be proud of a truly extraordinary growth. Having viewed recently a collection of photographs taken on representative campuses, we were genuinely astonished to see how much building and subsidiary development has been done in the short space of one decade. It is said that if all American Catholic academy, college and university grounds could be moved to one place, the area occupied would be as large as the city of Washington. In 1905 a fair comparison might have been made with New Haven, Elgin or Dubuque.

But the substructure upon which all this achievement rests is more precarious than is generally realized. Endowments are as scarce as hen's teeth. Much expansion has been done with the help of mortgages, the charge upon which is so serious a drag upon the resources of communities that a great deal of otherwise fruitful activity must be subordinated to them. And if the student body decreases numerically, there is no way out but to curtail expenditures or limit improvements. Quite understandably the lay faculty suffers particularly as a consequence. Always obliged to view his work in a spirit of sacrifice, the layman now sees his opportunities curtailed and his very employment threatened. The most important source of worry, however, arises from the probability that needed improvements must be postponed until funds are available for the purpose.

Under the circumstances, one feels that Catholics generally must be patient with the colleges and other cultural institutions which serve them. Stressing the inferiority of work skimpingly financed with that which for decades has been prodigally supported ought to give way to renewed emphasis upon the ideals to which the Catholic university is dedicated and the heroism with which it is managed. Much, to be sure, is not what it should be. But possibly the major weaknesses are really not attributable to money. Is it not true that a prevalent lack of good-will, and of earnest desire to coöperate, has created a great deal of misunderstanding and of unfair competition? Let us take two instances.

First, a large quantity of loose talk about Catholic students in secular universities has alienated many from the Catholic educational ideal. Young men and women who have sought their training at Princeton or elsewhere, largely because what they wanted was not available in religious colleges, have been attacked and scoffed at until their attitude toward Catholic education is tempered with bitterness and avowed dislike. Many of them have been lost forever as prospective supporters of what ought to be an enterprise dear to their hearts; and such contributions as they may later make will assuredly go to secular universities. Not a little of this could have been avoided if the issue had been based on entirely different premises. Second, belated efforts to pool resources cannot blind us to the fact that animosity has far too frequently characterized an enterprise which ought to have one goal, one method and one spirit.

Nevertheless, even in these trying times, the duty of supporting education exists and can be fulfilled within the limits of the means at our disposal. That revenues of all sorts have fallen off as incomes have shrunk is hardly news; and yet there is still enough money left to keep the light burning brightly, provided only that real enthusiasm governs donation and expenditure. To our mind the present aim must be to conserve and improve already existing achievement rather than to undertake anything new. Some of our colleges, universities and academies have a long record of faithful and idealistic service. It would be a calamity if any of these failed to survive, particularly if rash experiments took their places. Never before has the Catholic attitude toward life been more worth preaching and teaching, nor on the whole has it ever been more eagerly listened to. But we live in an age which is both one of science and one of stress. Our fitness for a high missionary calling will be tested by our readiness and ability to confront both.

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HOW REVOLUTION MAY BE CAUSED

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

Mr. Sands has been a witness of the developments and the eruptions of revolutions in countries throughout the world. He was a witness of various phases of the greatest revolution in our times, that in Russia, which like the French Revolution is having its repercussions in other countries. Mistrust of man by man, fear in those in power of dealing openly and humanely with the masses, he believes to be the greatest danger. An alert and unprejudiced press he holds to be essential if a common understanding is to be maintained between the peoples of our country. Here is our history in the making.—The Editors.

WHETHER Mr. Hoover is, or is not, "preparing to perpetuate himself in office by showing a dangerous revolutionary condition to exist in the United States" (as has been said in stronger wording, in Washington) is a matter of evidence. It is interesting that it can be said at all.

Whether any portion of the Bonus Expeditionary Force really thought itself to be on the point of taking over the government, can and should be brought out clearly and honestly by the investigation and report which the President has called for. It is equally interesting that such a thing can be believed. What can certainly be said about a large part of the latter, however, is that most of the men still in evidence about the bonus camps in Washington a few days ago, were of the type that professional agitators are taught to look for today as first-class preliminary material. The average bonus marcher left over after the exodus of the more intelligent was the harmless kind of person revolutionary strategists send up against police or troops with the intention that one of two equally desirable things shall happen: either some of the poor bumble puppy marchers will be killed, and an outburst of popular sympathy and indignation created, or police and troopers will refuse an order to fire, and a mutiny can be scored. Either way is a score for the agitator, and it is a fact that some of them really expected the troops to "lay down their arms, for they hate this government as much as we do."

It is plainly clear, even if such an expectation was not truly dangerous, that there is a limit to the number of bricks which anyone can ask a policeman to receive on his skull, without defending himself. There is even something in Catholic moral theology about that. Even priests have been known to keep revolvers in their houses and to be prepared to use them in defense of property. It is stupid to suggest that a policeman may not, in defense of his life.

In this clash at Washington, the police were well aware of the delicacy of the situation and frankly unhappy about it. There is not the slightest shadow of justice in any charge of inefficiency or unintelligence or inhumanity on their part. While they were dealing with men with whose plight they sympathized, but with whose methods they could not agree, it should not be forgotten that the Washington municipal police were also dealing with a war of the federal political powers. They were not only handling a veritable army, never quite sure whether a part of it was armed or not; they were handling a conflict between a President, a Congress, a Vice-President, a Speaker of the House, an ex-General of Marines, the two major political parties, the army and the public opinion of the country. Incidentally, it should not be forgotten, as it seems to be, that Washington has no responsible civil government. It is not possible, therefore, for the civil government of Washington, as a city, to do anything about it. It might be sufficient, in that regard, to read the President's reply to the Commissioners' appeal for armed help.

All things considered, therefore, the Washington police made a good deal more than a policeman's job of it, and, as usual, took all the cuts and bruises. General Glassford was perfectly aware of what he had on his hands; this writer, who has seen riot and revolution all over the world these past thirty years and more, has never seen that sort of situation better handled. Whether this was a revolution in tendency or not (opinions differ), it was a potential revolution breeder, accordingly as it might be handled. The materials were all there. It needed only some pompous or agitated incompetent to set it off. That it was not fully set off, and that, when the inevitable happened, the troops were able to clear the bonus army out of Washington without a fatal clash, is due to Glassford and the police, and to a solid portion of the bonus men themselves—not to anybody else. The federal civil government has mishandled it from the beginning, quite comparably with the imperial Russian government under similar circumstances fifteen years ago. The army was under orders and did a clean job. So much for that.

It is a further interesting point that a notable evolution during the past two months seems to have passed unnoticed by trained observers. When these men came to Washington, they came here to collect a free gift made to them by Congress, out of non-existent funds. It is not wholly irrelevant to drag in right here, the reminder that when "the Confederate States of America" followed the example of the New England States and decided that a new Constitution was necessary for the Union or they might be forced to secede from it, the Confederate Constitution provided that their Congress should not have any power to involve them by any such irresponsible act.

While the bonus marchers (death marchers and all) were here to get the promised bonus in the beginning, the tone of their speeches and of their published paper changed totally in the past month. These men were

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quick to realize the real situation even though no man in high office had the courage to come and point it out to them. Among themselves, and, as far as one is able to judge, by themselves, the more sober ones were working out a more general, a more intelligent and a perfectly respectable program; in a word, the beginning of a party.

Their only plank, and a very solid one, was to obtain present relief from the unemployment and trouble which has come to them without their fault, and a reasonable plan to prevent its recurrence. They were working slowly but perceptibly toward a reorganization of American life; had the President been close enough to actualities to see that, he must have noticed that they were headed toward what he has so often said was his own objective, and were merely approaching it from the opposite pole, and, of course, with no experience whatever. It is a pity no one in either party was big enough to meet it and help it develop. One deplorably evident result of this incident is the conviction that Americans have become afraid of each other, and that men in office are afraid of men. The secret of General Glassford's success was that he is not afraid of his fellow man, singly or in thousands.

That all this evolutionary movement was shot through with the efforts of the Communist workers is obvious. That sort of thing always is; that is constant, and taken understandingly it actually has a positive value. The more Communism is sanely discussed and fairly compared with American ways (if anybody remembers them!) the better it is for everyone. It is not a thing to cower from. It is a thing to meet with your coat off, and your head in the right place—and your heart running even. Most of the bonus men were doing exactly that. The hunger marchers of last winter promised to come back. They did. It should not have been forgotten that they promised.

The result of this evolution in the other element of the bonus army has begun to parallel the ideas of the second group that came to Washington last winter, and which also should not have been forgotten: the Cox army. In the bonus army it was gossiped that the Mayor of Johnstown is a close friend and warm admirer of Father Cox, though the Johnstown region is not without its Socialists. That may or may not be true. It was gossip among the men. If true, however, it is hard to understand why it is not the biggest kind of news.

A very important result which does not seem to be as evident to editors as it does to some curbstone observers, is that the Republican party has reached its natural end, unless it too embarks on a revolutionary policy.

Editors are notoriously busy men, and American history is not news. It escapes attention therefore, that we did not start out as a republic, or with any majority intention of becoming one. Quaintly enough, this old-fashioned axiom has been taken as a private fantasy of this writer. He is content to refer doubters to Supreme Court opinions of Chief Justice Marshall or Mr. Justice Chase. The Constitution was intended to be a federal constitution, not a republican constitution. Safeguards were put in against our becoming a republic. The Civil War gave to the Republican party a half-century lead in administration, which has not been overcome by a Democratic party engaged in factional warfare within itself.

In those sixty years American Democratic doctrine has all but vanished. Irrespective of party, men have learned to come to Washington for help. It is obsolescent in America to help oneself, or to join with other self-reliant individuals to be a self-governing community, or a competently managed state. Young Mr. Walter Waters of Oregon seems to be headed back in that American direction. Elsewhere it is vanishing out of our lives, and we look to the "republic" and to the "national" capital for help. We have been taught to do that.

Consequently in any emergency, men in their hundreds of thousands look to Washington. The natural further step is to come to Washington to be heard more clearly, to become more visible as well as more audible—and, if necessary, to become more tangible, which is easily translated into intimidation, and carries danger of military force to meet it. That is a perfectly natural result of sixty years of Republican indoctrination, and the overlaying with a multitude of extraneous things of the last vestigial remains of what used to be called "American principles" in the Democratic party. The Republican party has taught Americans to ask for things which we did not set up our federal government to give, and Democrats have followed Republican ideology.

To the curbstone observer it would seem that Republicanism has gone its way as far as it can go, without attempting a revolutionary effort to make the United States a republic in fact, with fully national powers centered in Washington, and the states reduced to regional administrative departments. From this point of view it would seem natural to militarize the national capital now, in anticipation of further attempts during the autumn and winter—and most of all, next spring—to pack all our troubles in our old kit bags and bring them to Washington. It is hard to escape the conviction that if we are really a republic and any temporary occupant of the White House is really the father of the country, that is the right thing to do.

Since we are not a republic, however, and a White House tenant is not a ruler, nor in ancient American folk-lore ever intended to be, it would seem that we ought to have some clarification of ideas on the subject, before men die about it next spring, which is not beyond possibility.

Sixty years of a particular party doctrine have produced a maladjustment between our machinery of government and the American people. It is amply evident that neither political party has known how to

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meet a real emergency any time this past year, with intelligence and humanity; an emergency which reaches out into every line of our political, as well as our economic, lives.

The solution does not lie in dictatorships, nor in Socialism. Both are current subjects of discussion all over the country. It is currently asserted that the use of troops against the bonus marchers was a first step —in both directions.

Where do we old-timers come in to it all? Is there no hope for American ways of doing things?

If the editors of America have lost track of America, or are too busy or too poor to have competent men watching this situation, studying it, and discussing it frankly and without fear of anyone, we can all settle down to enjoy a national Valley Forge winter—and face foreclosure of the bankrupt American system in the spring.

ABOVE THE WORLD

By BORIS DE BALLA

THE VALSAINTE CHARTERHOUSE in French Switzerland lies 3,300 feet high in the Freiburgian Alps, in surroundings that remind one of the calm of death, in an eternity of sky, mountains and pine forests and in an atmosphere of solitude and purity that seems to herald the boundless perspective of life beyond the grave.

Descending into the valley of Javroz in the late afternoon and catching sight of the white walls of the monastery gleaming in the golden rays of sunset against the screen of snowy peaks, one is afforded a spectacle not easily forgotten. The mind is lifted above the narrow circle of the aimless turmoil and petty strivings of humanity.

Starting from Paris by the Simplon Express and arriving at Vevey on the following morning, we take a little mountain train that winds up into the Alps from the Lake of Geneva. Beyond Bulle we are carried by car or char-à-banc through a world of impenetrable forest and infinite tranquillity. The misty Lake of Motsalvens appears pale and dreamy in the depth, human voices grow rare and little mountain huts are no longer seen; the soul is possessed by that purifying, holy, yet, unaccountable tremor that numbs all profane thoughts until we slowly relapse into utter silence.

The valley of Javroz becomes so narrow that we have to get out of the car and continue our journey on foot, penetrating further into the heart and center of this superb quiet and peace and into regions of almost transcendental beauty. The buildings of the charterhouse suddenly appear before us, a white town amidst the deep green of pine trees, which cover the mountainsides up to their snowy peaks. The golden glimmer of dusk still lingers, and the profound silence is almost death-like. Tiny houses, one exactly like the other, with tiny little gardens in front of them, radiate from the main building. It is in these that the Carthusian Friars spend the greatest part of their lives. The *grand cloître* has an endlessly long corridor from which smaller ones lead to the *salle de chapitre,* the library, the refectory, chapels and various other apartments. The church and the lofty tower of the lay-brothers' chapel dominate the whole. The tinkling sound of grazing cattle reaches us from the meadow; in the apiary long-bearded Friars in white cowls are absorbed in their work.

The bells begin to peal, and the Friars disappear and leave us staring at the gate in silence. The gatekeeper advances with slow, deliberate steps. He is of tall, imposing stature and of serene countenance. He bows deeply, and without a word throws open the gate for us to enter. It is about five o'clock in the afternoon, but a biting cold current of air is already rising upward from the valley.

Before us lies the Celestial City, and we are about to cross the threshold of the Gate of Paradise. . . .

"O Bonitas. . . . Fire never cries: Enough!"

It is eleven o'clock at night. My brother and I are hurrying along the pitch-dark corridor with little lanterns in our hands, not wishing or even daring to utter a word. We feel we are nearing the heart of the charterhouse—the midnight Office, Matins and Lauds. From one of the side-windows I glimpse the contours of the mountains which can be distinctly traced against a vast dome of stars lighting a cold and silent night.

We reach the church gallery, and kneeling forward see the white and black figures of monks down below moving about like phantom shapes. Each of those sitting in the choir has a little oil lamp burning above his head. They all bend forward deeply at certain parts of the doxologies. The sounds of the Gloria fill the darkness slowly and impressively and, breaking through the walls of the monastery and uniting with the night wind and the sorrowful moaning of pine forests, stream out into eternity. It is the deep sigh of hearts dead and frozen for Christ's sake, surging up to God Whom, ever since Saint Bruno, their fervent lips address as "O Bonitas." And into this "O Bonitas" that they murmur deferentially with slightly extended arms, they carry all the sweetness and humble hope of voluntary death, their deep conviction of all they have to gain in exchange for their crucified lives.

This office lasts from eleven o'clock at night till two o'clock in the morning. My brother bows his head under the weight of its sublime grandeur. So does his young neighbor, the son of a rich manufacturer from Grenoble, who had arrived that evening with an elderly priest, his confessor. He is an exceptionally attractive

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looking young man of about twenty-two, with bright eyes and smiling face, who at supper handed us the dish with such simple and innate grace as could not fail to be noticed even in these surroundings. But the following day he no longer joined us at our meals in the little guest chamber. He vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

Before my departure from Valsainte, where I spent five days, Dom Jean Baptiste, the *père coadjuteur,* confides to me that the young man from Grenoble has "moved into his grave." The ghost of a smile passes over his face at the word "grave." The young man had decided to renounce the world, although his father's fortune and his own mental and physical distinctions would have entitled him to every pleasure and luxury it can afford. "He must be mad," the sober bourgeois would say. But whoever attends an Office at Valsainte, or only listens to Dom Jean Baptiste for an hour or two, will understand the driving impulse of that young Frenchman. "Oui, il va chercher Dieu," says Dom Jean Baptiste—he has gone to find God. The majority of those in the choir have already found Him, "Bonitas."

Dom Jean Baptiste proceeds to give me a short account of the life at Valsainte and the various phases of the mystical development of the soul. Anyone wishing to enter the order is locked up in a cell where he has to remain for weeks, seeing no human face except at services in church. Food is provided for him by means of a little opening, as common meals in the refectory are taken only on Sundays. All intercourse with one another is forbidden, except on their common walks once a week. Those on official duty, or at studies or work together, of course, form an exception. It is only natural, that under these circumstances novices have the feeling of being buried alive. Most of them rush up and down their cells, weeping and imploring to be enlightened as to whether they have not made a mistake in the choice of their vocation. Many of them leave the order at this stage.

After this comes the phase of physical difficulties, the "dark night of sensual despair," after which, however, he suddenly finds Christ, and lives in a state of supernatural happiness for months, years even, interrupted only by very short periods of doubt and spiritual barrenness. His eyes shine, he covers the cross with kisses, converses with the Lord and lives as lightheartedly as if he were all spirit and had long ago discarded his earthly substance.

But this spiritual bliss is followed by the "dark night of spiritual despair." This is the dreadful torturing but at the same time purifying stage in which all feelings, sentiments and doubts burn out in him. This is the time of revelations, when it is borne in upon him that it is not religious moods and gentle reveries he is striving for, but God; not spiritual enjoyment, but the Cross, utter and perfect renunciation, by which he may ultimately get as near as mortals are permitted to the recognition of the true substance of God's divinity. After years of alternation of torment and pleasure, of ecstasy and desolation, spiritual barrenness, abhorrence and disinclination, he at last attains a spiritual union with his Saviour.

Anyone who has once had the privilege of getting into close contact with the life led by members of contemplative orders, and has had the courage to trace the ways of these living saints, that extend from the finite into infinity, will realize the utter futility and pettiness of all worldly ambition in comparison with that vast, inscrutable vista religion offers. How shallow human fantasy seems in comparison, how like the buzzing of insects all philosophy, and how like to the prattling babble of voices at a fair seem literature and art.

". . . Fire never cries: Enough!" After these words there is a moment's silence, and the figures in the church below bend forward fervently. It is the third day that I am attending their night Office. Sometimes they fall forward as if dead. It is ghastly to see how they almost collapse on the ground at certain parts of the Office, to show how deeply they humiliate themselves. They have become mere phantoms, visitors in this our terrestrial world. They have triumphed over all the temptations of the flesh and all discontent resulting from the insolubility of social, political and economical problems. "Deus meum in adjutorium intende," and the fire in their hearts, kindled by Our Lord's blood as by oil, consumes in it all earthly elements and, forever spreading toward eternity, never says, "Enough!"

Dom Jean Baptiste gave me to read the treatise of Dom Gerard's, the greatest living authority on Christian mysticism. It was written for the novices of Valsainte, and exists only in lithography. It will never be published and may not be copied by anyone either. The outlines of such worlds are revealed to us in it, as would not bear reading beyond the walls of that holy city; its meaning would automatically grow dim and fade in this our existence of cold realities. Its author, unknown and modest, wrapped in the white cowl of his order, is at this moment lying prostrate on the ground in holy ecstasy. So is Dom Jean Baptiste, the most ingenious and broadminded psychologist and truest friend I have ever known.

I watch them, my brain throbs wildly, and I dare hardly breathe for fear of breaking the spell. It is one hour past midnight, the time when rowdy crowds in city streets are shamming enjoyment, friendship or even love; habitués in coffee houses are feigning interest in great arguments about nothing, thus hoping to lull their poor senses into a half-hour's forgetfulness of the abject state of misery they are in. How different in contrast to the dim and holy outlines of the enormous cross and the little ever-burning lamp which casts its feeble light on the gently-moving figures that surely enclose the most noble of human souls. The Gregorian rises from depths where the mystery of God and the problems of existence have been plumbed, and where brave men have issued triumphant in the bitter fight against death, destruction and pain.

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THAT RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM!

By ERNEST F. DUBRUL

A RECENT article in the *Wall Street Journal*, written by Mr. Thomas Woodlock, and headed "Profit Destroyed," closes with this paragraph:

> What we have to do is, somehow or other, to put our industrial and commercial structure on a basis of something like a "just price" and a "fair wage," retaining as wide a field for individual striving as possible. If we do not do this, the so-called "capitalistic" system will not endure.

In the article Mr. Woodlock points out that the world really gets its living by a process whose very essence is "coöperation"; and that we have to preserve, somehow, the advantage of individual competitive striving within a structure that is essentially coöperative. The question is how to do this in a nation that "still worships at the shrine of 'competition' as the life of trade and the bulwark of the citizen's economic liberty."

The worship of competition has accompanied, in fact has produced, a striking concentration of control of industry. The extent of this concentration is indicated in a study made by Professor Gardiner C. Means of Columbia University and published in the *American Economic Review* of March, 1931. Professor Means concludes that 200 non-financial corporations now own over 50 percent of the non-financial corporation wealth of our country. If their recent rate of growth continues for twenty years, he says we can expect 200 corporations to control 80 percent of such wealth at the end of that period.

Like Soviet Russia's whole industry, at least half, and probably more than half, of American industry is today dominated by a small oligarchy. Certainly, half of America's large industry is far greater than all of Soviet Russia's small industry, and probably more employees are employed in half of America's industry than in all of Russia's. However poorly the Russian plan works out, it at least pretends to some social responsibility. Here control is concentrated without definite responsibility to the public, and there is no deliberate coördination among American oligarchs of industry.

Two social questions are raised by this concentration: whether this control shall be allowed to concentrate even more, and whether this present concentration should not be decentralized.

The managements of these 200 large corporations are naturally not deliberate Socialists. They are probably horrified at any thought of Socialistic control of the enterprises which they are managing. Yet the Socialist is at one with them in wanting our present system to continue to develop more concentration. The Socialist thinks—apparently rightly—that such development advances the Socialist program in two ways.

His first thought is that managerial greed for power and wealth will produce increased abuses with the increased size of these corporate units. He confidently expects these abuses in turn to make the public more willing to expropriate these corporations as production units of a Socialist state. His second thought is that the larger these corporate units have been made by the "capitalistic" system itself, the easier it will be for his Socialist state to take over the large productive facilities which it would require. So the outright Socialist watches this aggrandizement with complacency, as furthering his ends very nicely. The German Socialists made much of the concentration worked out by Stinnes immediately after the war.

To the middle-road observer the extreme individualist seems to be playing blindly, but very directly, into the Socialist's hand. If corporate abuses continue to increase, and if the corporations also continue to increase in size, it takes no prophet to predict that many people in desperation may decide to try the theory of Socialism, in place of the present practice of unrestrained managerial power.

The realist knows, as a human fact, that large power leads to large abuse of power. Curiously enough, both extreme Socialists and extreme individualists maintain that concentration of power forms a most fruitful soil for the growth of abuses of power. But both insist that such abuses inhere in the other fellow's system, but not in his own.

Both schools are irrational idealizers of a supposed efficiency and economy of production which their own systems of concentration will produce but which they maintain the opposite system cannot possibly produce. To the middle-ground observer a mass of evidence shows that both are wrong. Industrial engineers find little evidence of lower production costs in factories owned by large corporations, compared to those owned by smaller corporations. So-called mass production is more often "massed finance" than mass production. "Massed finance" can and does concentrate ownership of many plants. But the cost of production is not necessarily lower in a given plant of a financial combination than is the cost in an independent producer's plant of equal size.

The realist knows that managers of large-scale industries can and do make mistakes, because they are no more infallible than other men. The realist also knows that when either a Socialist Supreme Economic Council or a big company's directorate makes a mistake, that mistake involves a much greater social cost than does the same mistake made by the management of a small company.

The realist knows that it is not in the cards of human fortune for all individual managers to make the

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same serious mistake at the same time. For instance, a large individual producer of low-priced automobiles made the serious mistake of postponing too long the redesign of a model which once had a peak sale of about 7,000 units per day. His mistake brought long unemployment to 100,000 men in Detroit and to many more in other places. He was alone in making this mistake at that particular time. Had his 7,000 units been produced in seven independently managed factories, it is not likely that all seven managements would have made that same mistake at the same time. Any theoretical difference in cost per unit produced in the smaller plants would be negligible compared to the total social cost of that one mistake.

Concentration of power involves increase of social cost of executive mistakes—whether the power is lodged in a notable individualist or in a Socialist council. These increased risks to the body social are naively brushed aside, both by the Socialist who wants all industry concentrated in the state, and by the "rugged individualist" manager who wants a large part of a given industry concentrated in his own organization.

Because human nature is what it is, it is necessary to protect the body social from the consequences of grave mistakes of executives in high places, and of abuses of large executive power. The best way to do this is to limit power and to decentralize control of industry. With smaller business units society will not lose as much in actual higher costs of production as it now loses from high social costs of executive mistakes and abuses. Then, too, society stands to lose even more in the future from the social consequences of larger mistakes and more abuses if concentration goes on as it has done in the past. Those who do not want the people to fly to Socialism as a last desperate resort, ought to accept deflation of power as the alternative.

A simple, effective way to bring about decentralization of power is to put a progressive surtax on industrial corporation gross incomes as now defined in the Income Tax Law. In the gross income should be included all increments exceeding $12,000 per year, paid to, or accruing directly or indirectly to, any individual, as compensation for personal service. The individual would of course also pay his own income tax on such payments, as he does now.

The progressive surtax starting, say, at 1 percent of $200,000 gross income, should rise ½ of 1 percent with each $100,000 increment, so that the total tax would be 50 percent of all corporate gross incomes exceeding $10,000,000 per year. Then society, through taxes, would get a worth-while social dividend out of any socially desirable large scale industrial corporation whose stockholders would either make or keep it big enough to earn $10,000,000 or more of gross income.

The proposed tax should not bear any relation to capital, or assumed capital, as did the excess profit tax of war times. The objective of this proposal is to limit the income of the industrial corporation, not to limit its rate of return on invested capital. It is the income of a corporation which gives it size and power to harm the body social, not the rate of return. The proposed tax should, of course, be figured on a three-year moving average, as the British income tax is figured, to average the gains and losses of good and poor business years. Naturally, sound accounting methods will have to be devised and prescribed for figuring true income for each class of industry.

Some will look on this tax as confiscatory. But the managers of present large industries will always have the liberty of breaking up the present excessively large corporations into smaller units. True, this will limit the power of management, but it will not confiscate anyone's property. And, of course, "holding companies" will have to go overboard, and each company must be independent in actual fact.

But, in the long run, far from being confiscatory, this sort of taxation would preserve private property. It would eliminate the major abuses due to size and concentration of power, and thereby nullify the Socialists' arguments for expropriation as the only cure for these abuses.

But if this long-pull argument seems inconclusive, a choice can be made between private confiscation as we now have it, or heavy taxes, which would be paid only by corporations whose business necessarily required large gross incomes, and consequent concentration of power.

The doctrine of stewardship of wealth is widely recognized in principle, in spite of the principle not being carried out in practice to as full an extent as is socially desirable. Under that doctrine, such progressive taxation is perfectly proper for the purpose of limiting the abuses of the stewardship heretofore exercised. In effect there has been in the past confiscation by private action, for private benefit. Much of this confiscation has been unconscious, acting through the uncontrolled variations of the business cycle of boom and depression.

Dr. Virgil Jordan, the distinguished economist, has clearly shown that booms and depressions merely evidence the process of accumulation and confiscation of personally unspendable surplus incomes. A paper on this subject was delivered by him before the December meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and appeared in print in the *American Machinist* of December 31, 1931. It deserves careful reading by business men, economists and legislators. Dr. Jordan realistically proposes that since personally unspendable surplus income is bound to be confiscated anyhow, through the painful process of business depressions, receiverships, etc., society had better confiscate it less painfully and more fruitfully through taxation, thereby turning it into social dividends which would be spent on roads, parks, museums, flood control, reforestration, education, etc. This would produce relatively permanent social property instead of the present social wastes.

This present writer's proposal for progressive sur-

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taxes on corporation income directs Dr. Jordan's plan to the most fruitful source of unspendable income which is mostly wasted on unnecessary plant investment. Besides taking such income at the source, the progressive tax would at the same time restrict the growing power of management to make increasingly bigger mistakes that cost us all too dearly.

Railroad, public utility, steamship and other corporations whose business is charged with a direct public interest would seem to be in a different category from the industrials. Society has already discovered the necessity of regulation in such cases. There the remedy for abuses seems to lie in better regulation, rather than in limiting the size of such corporations.

The writer's second proposal is that, for the financial protection of investors as well as the protection of the body social from the consequences of ignorant management, managers of all publicly financed corporations should be licensed to practise, after examination into their qualifications.

This is not a revolutionary idea. The public health is protected by examining and licensing physicians, dentists, pharmacists, plumbers. The public safety is protected by examining and licensing boilers, elevators, buildings, ships, locomotives and air craft. Firemen, engineers, ship's officers, army officers, naval officers and aviators are examined and licensed, in order to be sure they know the fundamentals of their respective jobs.

At least in France, for many years past, men have not been allowed to manage banks unless they were trained and examined in the fundamentals of banking. The examining and licensing of American bankers could be guided by French experience. Events of the last few years indicate that a woful ignorance of elementary banking principles led to our present public disaster. So why not examine and license bank officers and directors as well as the banks they manage?

Does it sound silly to insist that managers of large industries demonstrate their knowledge of the fundamentals of their craft, as firemen and ship captains must? If the license idea is silly, why bother with university courses in business administration? Big business is not owner-managed; it is managed by actual professionals. So why not insist on professional requirements being met in that field as in medicine, law, accounting and engineering?

For directors of corporations whose stocks and/or bonds are quoted on any public exchange, only a few simple requirements need be established for the first few years. But in ten years such corporations should be required to have, as two-thirds of their directors and as all their corporation officers, men who have a knowledge of business principles equivalent to that of a graduate of a university course in business administration.

For the first few years it would be well to insist that all directors and officers of publicly financed industries show at least an elementary knowledge of accounting principles, and of a few fundamental economic laws, like the law of supply and demand, the law of relative elasticity of demand, and the law of diminishing returns. This knowledge should do much to prevent overexpansion of facilities and overproduction of goods.

Then, too, all directors of publicly financed corporations, as well as bank directors, should be required to have an elementary knowledge of the difference between money and credit, between value and valuation. This might help to prevent financial overexpansion.

The writer's third proposal involves full publicity of corporation accounts. Of course, the directors and officers should be allowed good pay, but all personal compensations exceeding that of a United States senator should be published to the stockholders, so they can know what their hired men draw. Compensations should be subject to some sort of safeguard, both in the interest of stockholders and of the government taxes.

Full publicity of standardized accounts of all corporations, even though the stock be closely held, would do incalculable good. At the very least, truthful quarterly reports should be published by all corporations whose stock is traded in on any public exchange. A corporation exists by virtue of statute laws. Owners of business who prefer secrecy of their affairs could always do busines as partnerships, and not under the corporate form of organization. If they desire a corporate charter offered by the state, honest accounting and publication of their financial and operating statements can well be imposed as a part of reasonable corporate regulation which experience shows to be desirable.

To sum up, the writer's three proposals for government regulation of business are: first, limitation of corporate income by progressive surtaxes which would automatically make excessive corporate power unprofitable; second, licensing, after examination, of managers and directors of all corporations whose stock is listed on any public exchange, and of all whose business is charged with a public interest; third, publicity of corporation accounts as one of the conditions of enjoying the privileges of incorporation.

Given these conditions, society can reasonably hope to reëstablish equality of opportunity for rugged individualism, which the present system is actually destroying as effectively as a Socialist régime would.

Your Loveliest Planet

This earth must be Your loveliest planet, Lord:
Your rose of stars, perhaps; Your favorite sphere;
Could even divine affluence well afford
To spend again what you have lavished here?
Could even the brooding, fecund mind of God
Again so sweetly fashion and unite;
Implant in other seas and other sod
More service and amazement and delight?
One strange, momentous morning did You start,
Shaken with lustrous fancies; willow tree,
And humming-bird and eagle in your heart;
Snowdrop and starling, meadow, hill and sea:
Dismissing heaven, did You search afar
And let Your thoughts step down upon a star?

ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

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SEÑORITA GETS THE VOTE

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

A STREET in a Mexican town—almost any Mexican town—on almost any fine evening. A male figure furtively approaches a house, slinks along the walls and reaches the low grilled window. He shakes the bars, to summon his lady love from within. Or sometimes he employs the more romantic device of strumming a guitar. He then converses quietly and amorously with the daughter of the house. It is the Mexican manner of courtship and it is symbolic of the relations between the sexes. The *caballero* from the freedom of the active world of the street makes his addresses to the woman who lives in the cloistered world of the patio.

Is it possible that these shy creatures are to leave their quiet *casas* for the noisy platform of a political campaign? Many of course have already deserted their shelters for the struggle in factories and offices. Are they to be permitted the official recognition of a new status and are they all to be accorded the vote? Recent debates and measures introduced into the Mexican Congress seem to betoken this, and if the gallant deputies have hesitated it was as much in fear of the Mexican woman's capacities as in apprehension of possible evil effects on the shy window flirts.

For centuries Mexican women have shown themselves not only the helpmates but sometimes the superiors of the male sex. Under the Spanish domination the viceroy's wife—the vice-queen—was the leader of the social and official world of that gold-encrusted capital of New Spain, Mexico City. Not unlike the famous Maintenon and Dubarry of France, she exerted considerable influence over the policies of these despotic governors sent out by the kings of Spain. Of the sixty-two vice-queens a number of the most powerful —Mancera, Bucareli, Brancifuerte, Revilla Gigedo— are still remembered for their sway over their spouses as well as their sumptuous parties.

But none of these colonial women were more famous than a Mexican nun, Sister Juana of the Cross. A poet of genius, an astronomer, mathematician, theologian, she was called the "Phenix of Mexico." She ignominiously defeated a famous Jesuit dialectician in debate, and on one occasion displayed to a crowd of curious scholars her intellectual prowess. Many of her most famous verses have a strong feminist nature and her well-known ode chiding men on their mediaeval attitude toward the frail sex and defending women's rights would not be out of place in a modernist anthology. She fought for the higher education of women and enforced her arguments by brilliant accomplishments.

This nun was one of the chief celebrators of Spain's government, but in the period of independence women were just as active in revolt. In most Mexican cities there is an Avenue of September 16, commemorating their first declaration of independence. At a celebration of the holiday on this date, I once listened to a profusion of oratory in the town of Queretero. I heard repeated over and over again the names of Señora Ortiz Dominguez and Father Hidalgo, and I learned that these two were characters in a story as hallowed and more substantiated than any of our own Revolutionary traditions. Hidalgo had long plotted a revolt against Spain. The time was set for December, 1810. Señora Dominguez, wife of the Mayor of Queretero, and a convert to the doctrines of independence, learned of the Spaniards' discovery of Hidalgo's scheme. At some risk to herself she had the news conveyed to Hidalgo, who thereupon set the zero hour of Mexican rebellion to September 16.

It was during the wars of revolution against the Spanish that the famous *soldadera*—soldierette—first appeared. The loving wives and common-law companions of the rebels marched with their men to battle, cooked their food, washed their clothing and cleaned their rifle barrels. Many a Juana died in the trenches or on the battlefield as she passed victuals or munitions to her Juan, or went to execution with her captured companion.

After independence was achieved, and Mexico started on its long period of internal unrest and internecine revolution, these *soldaderas* multiplied. Unlike the French *vivandières* who wore coquettish clothing, were coddled by their warriors, traveled in pack wagons and rarely deigned to cook, these women went barefoot—most of them were Indians or half-breeds —their shawls over their heads and their coarse skirts trailing in the dust as they trudged along in the ranks. It is not recorded that they actually fought in these early days. But in recent revolutions these doughty camp-followers entered a new phase. Under Villa, Carranza and Obregon they became true Amazons; they rode horseback, fired rifles and fed machine-guns. Did this new spirit of action presage the recent campaign for the vote?

For a Latin country this campaign has taken formidable proportions. In the capital the various suffrage societies boast a membership of 174,000. They are divided into various groups, which are partly regional and partly regulated by the personal popularity of the leaders. There is the Bloque Nacional de Mujeres Revolucionaris (National Bloc of Revolutionary Women) which has as officers such famous professional women as Señora Concepcion Palacios Zelaya, a prominent physician, Señorita Fanny Manrique, professor of literature, and Señorita Celia Cautino, an able bacteriologist. Then there is the Confederacion Feminil Mexicana, presided over by Señorita Maria Rios Cardenas, and finally the Partido Feminista Revolucio-

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nario, of which Señora Eldemira le viuda de Escudero (Widow Escudero) is the chief.

These women, when they presented their case to the Chamber of Deputies last winter, encountered the objections and prejudices that have surrounded the beginnings of all suffrage movements. Deputy Arellano said he respected *la mujer del hogar,* the hearthside woman, not the woman politician; and he pointed to the sad example of Ma Ferguson of Texas as a warning. Deputy Ramos feared that women would be too much of a conservative influence. Deputy Carranza pointed out that in the state of Guanajuato women had the vote for twelve years and had never exercised this right; furthermore, that only one woman had sat as a deputy.

But there was an equal number of defenders of the suffrage side. One of them corrected Carranza, saying that there had been three women in the Chamber. Furthermore, he pointed out that women were irked by the petty tyranny of the hearthside and the patio, that especially the leisured bourgeoisie needed more liberty, and that the poorer class of women needed the vote to protect their rights as workers and as an educative measure.

It is the women of urban middle class who have most to gain by suffrage. For among the peasants, and particularly the Indians, the woman as a field companion of the man helps him sow and reap as well as cooks his food and bears his children, so that she occupies a status in these tribal communities virtually equal to that of the male. In the Tehuantepec district in the south, women are deemed even the superior of men in intelligence, and in social prestige. They dominate trade and industry in that region and also are considered the most beautiful of Mexican women.

Many of the modern Mexican women have attended school and college in the United States and have returned home with radical ideas derived from their contact with their American sisters. They have commenced to drive cars, have served with members of the American colony on tag-days—a freedom in the open street considered dreadful by the old conservatives—and have even assumed the right to meet their beaux in other places than at the grilled windows.

Many Mexican states—such as Yucatan, Morelos and Tabasca—have liberal divorce laws, which until recently were patronized mostly by Americans. But nowadays Mexican women are taking advantage of these, in defiance of religion and custom. Particularly in journalism they are forging to the front. *El Hogar,* owned and edited by women and devoted to their interests, is a well-established periodical in Mexico City.

The Church authorities for many years opposed the entrance of women into industry and their right to the vote. But their attitude has changed. Some years ago the Archbishop of Mexico, Dr. Mora Del Rio, issued a severe pastoral condemning women in industry and politics. Yet a member of his own family—one of the most aristocratic in Mexico—has attained a high position among Hollywood movie stars—none other than Dolores Del Rio. Now the hierarchy take a different view, and the Papal Delegate, Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, is an advocate of woman suffrage.

In addressing the Chamber last December Señorita Cardenas, who has made a profound study of women in industry, particularly stressed the social aspects of suffrage. The Constitution of 1917 liberally conferred rights and protective measures and specifically mentioned the conservation of womanhood. But while the Constitution recognized that women should be paid the same wage for the same work as men, it had no enforcing legislation to put this clause into effect, and it is not observed. Besides, the Constitution stated that women could not work without the consent of their husbands, and that daughters could not leave their homes until the age of thirty without the consent of their parents. The double standard was recognized by providing that adultery was always ground for divorce if the wife erred, but only under certain circumstances if the husband was the culprit. Provisions designed to protect maternity, such as the one requiring seven days rest before parturition, are inadequate and never enforced. And the present legal age limit for matrimony—fourteen—is still too low. It was the consolidation of gains and the elimination of such handicaps that Señorita Cardenas demanded, and she argued that better progress will be made if women get the vote.

Not only social problems but also political have influenced the nature of this suffrage movement. It is notable that all three of these suffrage organizations have radical and revolutionary titles. They are anti-clerical, too, for the party in power now still retains the anti-religious ideas prevailing during the famous Church and State conflict of 1925 to 1929. It is feared that the Church may influence women to vote for clerical and anti-radical policies. So we hear Widow Escudero proclaiming that "we will be faithful to the P. N. R. [National Revolutionary Party] and we shall not allow a single reactionary deputy in the Chamber." Superfluous promise, for the P. N. R. enjoys a party dictatorship, and has no intention of allowing any antagonistic members in Congress.

During the last presidential election the defeated candidate, José Vasconcelos, left the country in disgust, saying that the elections were fraudulent and that he would not recognize President Ortiz Rubio, the successful candidate of the P. N. R. So Vasconcelos now lives in exile. It is not a pretty picture nor one likely to entice high-minded women to enter the election field. There is a provision in the Mexican election law giving the right to judge the voting and count the ballots to whatever party gets to the polls first. Hence there is a wild scramble to get possession of the polling place early on election morning. Many are killed and wounded, and naturally the ballot boxes are flagrantly stuffed. It is this situation that inspired the daily newspaper, *El Universal,* to say:

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> In reality the discussions of woman suffrage in Mexico are an inoffensive way of wasting time. The suffragists could well prove not that women are as capable of exercising the franchise as men but that they are just as incapable of doing so.

Indeed it does seem a waste of time to discuss woman suffrage in a country where popular government exists only in a most crippled form. In this state of affairs how could either woman's alleged conservative nature or her progressive spirit, as exemplified by Señorita Cardenas, have any effect?

The Chamber voted to turn over the question to the executive committee of the P. N. R., which is considered favorable to woman suffrage—that is, for women members of their party. But one incident threw into relief both the fighting spirit of women and their more genuine recognition of democratic processes. In a meeting of the Committee on Election Districts a woman politician declared that the candidates for secretary of this committee should be responsible to no party, that they should be non-partizan in politics so as to insure fair balloting and districting. The men *politicos* protested violently against this innovation and many left the committee room in disgust. But the lady won her point. Perhaps she was not aware that she had demonstrated not only her sex's capacity for intelligent voting but a sense of popular government hitherto denied to Mexican men.

COMMUNICATIONS

WOMAN AND THE CHURCH

Gambier, Ohio.

TO the Editor: One is grateful for the essay, "Woman and the Church," in THE COMMONWEAL of June 22, and the reference to the Council of Mâcon. The canons of neither the first nor second council give any hint of the discussion recorded by Gregory of Tours.

There were two Councils of Mâcon. My text, Bail's, Padua, 1701, was officially approved, and I have no reason to question its integrity. The first council was called by the king in 582, *ad mores ecclesiae reformandas*. The second by the same king was *ad disciplinam ecclesiae reformandam*. At the first, twenty canons were approved. The first canon prohibited bishops, priests and deacons from living with "outside" women, while permitting them the companionship of grandmother, mother, sister, niece—if necessity demanded. The second canon forbids any bishop, priest or deacon to live in *monasteriis puellarum* unless he be of upright character, advanced age, or for some immediate necessity, or for repairs; nor must he presume to engage in private talk; nor was he permitted to enter the *salutatorium* or *oratorium*. This especially applies to Jews, who should be admitted on no sort of business (*negotium*). The third canon forbids any woman to enter the bedroom of a bishop unless accompanied by two priests or deacons.

The eleventh canon prescribes that lustful "clerks," having dispensed with the girdle and "returned to their vomit," and renewed their prohibited relations (or marriage? *conjungia*) or for more revolting reasons, shall be shorn of all office. And according to the twelfth canon any girl who shall marry after having taken the vows (after *stuprum*) shall be deprived of the Communion.

Of the second council, 588, the fourth canon referred to in the essay provides that offerings of bread and wine be made by all men and women, so that by these oblations they may be worthy associates of Abel and of others so offering. Certainly this canon makes no distinction between men and women.

All these, and like old canons, are well worth reading. They are very human, they throw more light on the time than any generalizations of historians; and if the reader will guard himself against projecting modern ideas and points of view into pioneer and struggling times, they make large returns for that science which Mill liked to call "ethology," the science of human nature. Unsuspected literary flashes sometimes escape from the pen of some official secretary. Witness Canon XIII of the second Mâcon Council. It prohibits hounds and hawks in bishops' houses, where people come for some relief from their troubles. The Latin is too good to spoil in translation: ". . . Custodienda est igitur episcopalis habitatio hymnis, non latrantibus; operibus bonis, non morsibus venenosis. Ubi igitur Dei est assiduitas catilenae, monstrum est et dedecoris nota, canes ibi, vel accipitres habitare."

Assiduitas catilenae—who could put that into English!

W. P. REEVES

BENEFITS OF TARIFF

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editor: The tariff will be one of the political issues this year, or it should be. Apparently the advocates of freer trade have ignored one of the most convincing arguments made by John Stuart Mill ("Principles of Political Economy," book III, chapter 17, section 4) nearly one hundred years ago when he said, ". . . The only direct advantage of foreign commerce consists in the imports. . . . The vulgar theory [that of the Republican party, he might add today] disregards this benefit, and deems the advantage of commerce to reside in the exports: as if not what a country obtains, but what it parts with, by its foreign trade, was supposed to constitute the gain to it."

In short, Mill would say that the cotton, wheat and motor cars which we ship abroad are irretrievably lost. We might just as well dump them in the Atlantic Ocean so far as our use of them is concerned, except as these goods become the means whereby we purchase imports. From a social and economic viewpoint the only gain in the long run which we derive from our export business, which President Hoover promoted so strenuously when he was Secretary of Commerce, consists in the imports to the United States and the culture and benefits we receive from foreign travel.

This argument might well be capitalized in the coming controversy over the benefits of the tariff.

EMERSON P. SCHMIDT.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: If the writer of "A Layman's Plaint" will ask the average college or convent graduate, or the average lawyer or doctor, all Catholics, what is meant by the Immaculate Conception, the Mass, the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament or anything about marriage laws, he will get the shock of his life. He will find the ones who need plain instruction in simple words are those who claim to be intellectuals. Catholic physicians and lawyers, as a class, have a very dim idea of the fundamental truths of the Church.

A PASTOR.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

American Madness

THE DOWNRIGHT vigor of Walter Huston and the quiet poise of Pat O'Brien go far to give a feeling of veracity to this Columbia picture which, otherwise, seems to be largely an attempt to straddle a double propaganda for and against American banks.

In general, the story centers around Mr. Dickinson (Walter Huston), a supposedly unusual type of bank president who has incurred the hostility of his directors by making loans on character and integrity rather than on unimpeachable collateral. In the scene of the debate which he holds with his board, the film distinctly takes the side of the harassed business man against the "liquidity complex" which (if we are to credit administration views in Washington) has thwarted the efforts of the country to draw itself out of depression. Alexander Hamilton is freely quoted, and it is left pleasantly vague as to just how a bank should protect its depositors when and if its loans made on character prove slow in collection. Somewhere the author has overlooked the fact that slow honesty, while by all odds the best security in the long run, does not always have the "cash-in" value in emergencies which enables a bank to meet the demand withdrawals of nervous depositors. Mr. Dickinson also makes the somewhat miraculous sounding statement that in twenty years or so of his administration the bank has never had a loss on a loan.

At all events, the cashier of the bank starts trouble by yielding to the persuasion of certain gangsters, to whom he owes large gambling debts, and arranging the scene for a midnight robbery. It is a slight inconsistency, of course, that one of Dickinson's men, chosen by this master judge of men and character, should become such a complete swine. If Dickinson could make a mistake of this sort in selecting a high officer of his own bank, one is inclined to think that he might make similar mistakes in his "character loans," and thus furnish some grounds for the criticism of his directors. However, in true Hollywood fashion, this important matter is glossed over, and we are treated to the spectacle of the midnight robbery, and to a brief scene in which, quite innocently, Mrs. Dickinson spends the evening with the guilty cashier, thus providing an alibi for him.

The next morning the news of the robbery spreads and becomes distorted until word goes round that Dickinson himself has absconded with millions of the bank's funds. There is some excellent photographic handling of this rumor campaign and the beginnings of the run on the bank. The run grows to alarming proportions, and Dickinson is unable to get help from other influential banks. Apparently Hollywood has never heard of the Federal Reserve Banks as a source of emergency relief for solvent banks, and believes that we are still in pre-Wilson days when help for a distressed institution depended largely on the whim of other privately owned banks. Just as the till cash is exhausted, some of Dickinson's friends, presumably the character borrowers, rush in dramatically to make deposits instead of withdrawals. Banking on faith is justified, and the example of these men turns the tide. American madness has had its play and all becomes quiet on the banking front.

I have given the story in some detail, not because it has any intrinsic merit, but largely to show the ease with which the films can be used to serve the purposes of loose-thinking and rabble-rousing authors. A grain of truth is distorted into an implied indictment of a whole system. Facts of the utmost importance, such as the sustaining power of the Federal Reserve system, are ignored, and then, as if to throw a sop to those attacked, a rumor campaign is called into use of a kind that has very little to do with the recent sad story of American bank failures. The really serious attacks on American banks have grown out of nothing as tangible as a bank robbery. They have started from amateur gossip, sometimes with and as often without foundation. A picture of this sort illustrates to perfection the slipshod workings of the Hollywood mind—if, that is, it can be called a mind.

White Zombie

THE SUPERSTITIONS of Haiti should offer magnificent material for the play of keen imagination and unearthly horror on the screen. But the effort of United Artists to produce a play of the "Dracula" variety in Haitian surroundings fails to achieve much beyond gruesome implications and an almost farcical improbability.

The initial aspects of diabolism are well enough worked out. They are based on the legend that, by witchcraft, the dead can be raised and sufficiently animated to do the bidding of a fiend in human form. They become living bodies without souls—zombies. This, of course, offers ample material for a writer of unusual ability, an author, let us say, of the restrained power and consummate artistry of Arthur Machen. In "The House of Souls" and other works, Machen has drawn richly on the mysterious lore of Wales, and created a certain credibility for ideas that strike sheer terror. But Machen knows the value of understatement. He implies vastly more than he describes, and in the mere supposition that the spirit of evil may become incarnate he evokes shadows that are far more potent than tangible beings. There is no such artistry in the writing or filming of "White Zombie"—no more than in the clap-trap play of "Dracula" which also dwelt on the theme of the un-dead.

The story of "White Zombie" is merely that of a young bride who is "prayed" to death in order that she may later be raised and given to a man who desires her. The bereft husband and a missionary to whom he has appealed eventually rescue her from the power of the fiend, apparently in time to restore her soul! The first parts of the story, as I have said, are well told. The sight of the un-dead prowling over the hills or slaving at night in the sugar mills of their master is ample to send orthodox shivers up the spine. So is the scene in which an effigy of the young bride is burned while a vulture screams overhead. But from this point on, the intensely literal mind of Hollywood is quite unable to cope with the situation it has created. Things that should be left shadowy and uncertain are made tangible and insistently clear. Details of plot become unmanageable. The rescue is worked out in most material fashion, with no hint of the drama that might flow from the use of spiritual force to fight sheer diabolism. Above all, there is no hint of that unseen battle behind material objects which animates the merest suggestion of a Machen, and none of that highly dramatic doubt which leaves one wondering and awed. One should never be certain, for example, whether the zombies are resurrected dead, or merely those hypnotized into suspended animation and then taken from their graves to continue a gruesome work under the continued spell of hypnotic power. It is just such suggested doubt and uncertainty that would give a creepy credibility to a tale of this sort. But apparently Hollywood does not trust its audiences enough. It is obsessed with the idea of the "twelve-year-old mentality"—forgetting that with the twelve-year-old mind go an imagination and an instinctive response to artistry as deeply rooted as the life of humanity itself. "White Zombie" is interesting only in the measure of its complete failure.

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BOOKS

Crime, Church and State

The Delinquent Child: A White House Conference Report. New York: The Century Co. $3.50.

THE GREAT question to be settled before an appreciative review of this volume can be written, is: Is delinquency a product of the soul or of the body or of both combined? If the latter, under whose motive force—body or soul? For a Catholic, this question was satisfactorily answered from the beginning. It is the soul with its dual power, reason and free will, that matters. Both are spiritual and, hence, beyond the realm of science, which deals with physical matters only.

The committee on delinquency as reported considers everything biologically as material and in the same breath it declares delinquency as immaterial, a negation, and on such a bedlam it builds its philosophy, findings and recommendations.

The philosophy of the committee is best outlined in the addresses delivered in the conference meeting. They are to form the background. All three of these are specimens of angels treading fearfully. Especially the last one is not only extremely wrong but besides the truth. A few examples follow:

"Years ago . . . what we still call crimes were thought of as sins against God and were tried by the Church in an ecclesiastical court. . . ." This has not changed in the least. What were crimes and therefore sins are brought before the Church as well as before the civil or criminal court today as of yore. "Later on . . . these crimes were thought of as offenses against the state . . . and were tried . . . by officers of the state." Public offenses against the laws of the state were always tried before the public courts; secret offenses were dealt with in the tribunal of penance. "Now . . . crime is coming to be regarded as . . . having no longer any material existence." This was always the teaching of true philosophers at least since the time of Aristotle and, hence, crime is not an object for investigation by scientists. To this the speaker adds as an established fact the hypothesis of spontaneous generation long ago exploded by Pasteur. Psychology in its modern meaning he calls a recognized biological science. The reviewer doubts his ability to name a single true scientist who ever accepted it as such. Finally he asks: "What has science to offer specifically along these lines" of philosophy? The book is the answer. Nothing!

Nor does it offer much in the matter of causes of crime. Most of the causes mentioned are not causes but occasions for and temptations to crime. The only cause of crime or sin—and this one is not mentioned—is the free will to do wrong knowingly. Temptations and occasions are in themselves indifferent. God gives sufficient grace to overcome every temptation no matter how grave and, for those who use this grace, the temptations are often an occasion for virtue.

As far as the significance of the Church is concerned, two views are presented. One insists upon an unquestioned acceptance of dogma and practices, the other summarily disposes of all theological sanction. The latter demands that morals be adapted to the conduct of the people; the former, that people bring their mode of living in harmony with the Divine Will. Unfortunately, it seems that the liberal element dominated the committee. Moreover, the value of the influence of the Church is wrongly interpreted and much undervalued. There is a difference between nominal and practical Christians. Of the latter very few are found in the delinquent class. That many who receive a religious education were later unfaithful to their religion does not militate against the value of their

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NEXT WEEK

Because the banks normally supply 90 percent of the nation's purchasing power, in the form of credit instruments, bankers it is generally considered have the key to economic recovery. Tremendous pressure through government agencies and the newspapers is being brought to bear on them in the hopes of getting them to inject stimulating credits into our economic system now running at 54 percent of normal. The situation that the banker faces, and consequently the situation that the country faces, is described by George K. McCabe in MONEY FOR RECOVERY. He sees not alone difficulties, but also some good omens, and he treats the subject with a brilliant array of facts that can be understood by the layman and bring him more than a glimmer of what is happening in a highly technical financial world. . . . BACK TO THE LAND IN GERMANY, by Max Jordan, tells of an important social development in a country which was beset by overpopulation and by an alarming increase in urban population and unemployment. . . . THE SCHOOL AND CRIME, by the Reverend John P. McCaffrey, chaplain at Sing Sing Prison, is a study of the number of criminals who have had an education compared with the numbers of those who have not, with particular emphasis on the showing of those who have had a religious education. Here are vital statistics by one in a unique position to make this study on a most pressing problem in America today. . . . LITURGY AND THE DEPRESSION, by the Reverend William Michael Ducey, O.S.B., written from one of the great centers of the liturgical movement, is an illustration of what life can be when it is ordered for knowing and serving God, the simplicity, nobility and beauty of it. Strength, courage, serenity and inexhaustible good-cheer are seen to result in fact, from living daily with Christ.

training, but only indicates that bad influences were strong. Education alone is of no avail; it reaches but half the soul and the more important part, the will, is not reached. And this will is forbidden territory to physicians as such. Those who reject the clinic established by Christ, the tribunal of Penance, will look for human remedies of doubtful value.

Besides the report of the meetings and a general summary, about one half of the book treats more fully of the delinquent child and his relation to himself, family, school, church, industry, community and society at large. There are appendices, an extensive bibliography and valuable statistics. The volume is recommendable to discriminate readers. But since the committee did not find the ultimate cause of delinquency, it could not recommend the most effective remedies.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Good Company

Lost Lectures, or The Fruits of Experience, by Maurice Baring. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

THESE random essays or lectures—it is of no importance that they were lectures—offer every reader some sure moments of pleasure, and some readers, quintessential moments of mortal delight. The small word mortal is inserted here because there are divine delights which are not within the province of this book. Its pleasures are worldly, most amiably worldly. It is a distillation of the best in English culture when it is urbane, unpretentious, yet vigorous and humorous. Possibly it is one of the last roses of the summer of classical English education. The tides of the H. G. Wells *et al* idea that the daily news is more important than enduring things, that in fact there are and should be no enduring things, are rapidly submerging any brave remnants of the old order. Which is a sad note, a reflex of sadness after the glow from this book.

Baring is well known, of course, to connoisseurs of good writing. Merely to mention his new book will be enough for them. They will avail themselves of it with happy anticipations of the sure enjoyment in store for them, as the Gilbert and Sullivan audience seizes an occasion to see "The Pirates" or "Iolanthe" again. And the anti-classical, anti-traditional day-after-tomorrowists should actually find some of their fierce importunacy tempered by dipping into the book. In this world where even in a Soviet each individual soul lives a great deal of its life in loneliness, the old classical education gave to those that enjoyed it a fundament of mutual understandings. No doubt the isms, or the ists, scientific, social or artistic, have their tacit understandings too, that may freight an allusion with fine shadings of sense or with meanings greater than the economy of words would convey. But the classical had charm; here it has great charm.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Revolutionary Women

Nine Women, by Halina Sokolnikova. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $3.00.

NO HISTORIAN could have given a less biased description of the French Revolution than Madame Sokolnikova, wife of the Soviet Ambassador to England. She criticizes the wild fanatacism and brutality of the revolutionary mobs, and many of their leaders, as well as praises the nobility and idealism of such women as Manon Roland, Théroigne de Méricourt, Claire Lacombe, Lucile Desmoulin, and Élizabeth Lebas. In the beginning of the chapter on Élizabeth Lebas, the author

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severely censures "the bestialized howling mob," and yet sympathetically points to the many women in the midst of this mob, "broken in the struggle, unmentioned of history . . . who helped to build the gigantic edifice of the revolution." In view of the innumerable differences in principles and opinions between the Soviet world and the non-Soviet world, it is extremely interesting to find that there could be so much similarity in judgment and feeling between a Soviet historian and non-Soviet historians, concerning the history of the French Revolution. The heroism and idealism which she praises, is the same that a great number of historians of capitalistic governments have praised.

One can feel, after reading this book, that the cruelty and horror which we of the non-Soviet world saw in the Russian Revolution, was just as keenly realized and bitterly resented by many an intelligent citizen of the Soviet State. For a number of readers, this fact in itself will be most significant. Herein lies the main value of the book, for though these sketches of nine women of the French Revolution are vivid and entertaining, they contain no significant contribution to history. The author has unearthed no new historical material; nor suggested any new ways of viewing old and well-known facts.

LIVINGSTON WELCH.

Portrait of an Apostle

Paul, the Sower, by Allan Reginald Brown. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.

ALTHOUGH there is much in this book with which Catholic theologians will disagree, yet also is there much to challenge their sympathy and interest. Impossible as any new analysis of Saint Paul may seem, yet does Mr. Brown accomplish one in his portrayal of the great Apostle.

Taking as his theme, "the seed is the Word of God," and depicting Paul as the mighty sower of that seed, with special emphasis laid on the Epistle to the Romans, he has built up an absorbing argument in these five chapters on the soil, the germ, the anatomy of the seed, the flower, and the fruit. His argument is that Paul was neither teaching nor theologizing in his Epistles, but was attempting to induce in his readers a spiritual state of "personal" relationship with Christ.

The book is fragrant with a true and deep sense of religion, and in many ways is a flower of scholarship. For Mr. Brown, a master of Greek, has spared no effort in going back to original sources, comparing the language of the first drafts of the Epistles with contemporary papyri, to determine the exact meaning Paul wished to attach to certain words. He is all for the simple, literal translation, discrediting largely any use of figures of speech. But to Catholics it will not seem consistent that such passages as deal with the Eucharist, Mr. Brown, inferentially, would interpret as metaphor. For he states: "In his letters he refers to the Lord's supper only incidentally, in connection with abuses which had arisen in connection with its celebration." How reconcile this with such passages of Paul himself, which read: "And the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?" (I Corinthians, x, 16). Also: "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke and said: 'Take ye and eat: this is My body.' . . . Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord" (I Corinthians, xi, 23-27).

Mr. Brown is also a lawyer—and it is a pleasure to read his logically built chapters, written in clear prose, with their succinct and comprehensive "summing-up" at the close of each.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN.

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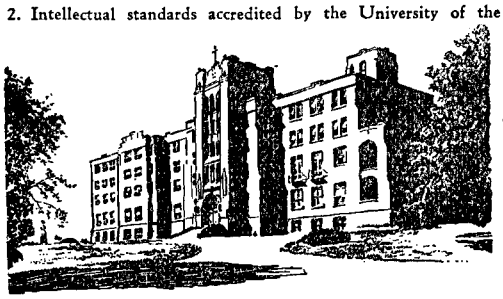
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Briefer Mention

Warburton and the Warburtonians, by A. W. Evans. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.75.

MR. EVANS has written a useful and frequently absorbing study of the life and works of an Anglican divine who, though forgotten by the average reader, seemed a towering figure to the men of his own century. The most important aspects of Warburton's career to us are his relations with other writers; and these the present volume examines with the help of information sometimes based on original sources. Warburton's friendship with Pope helps to throw some light upon that poet's religious sentiment, and his experience with Sterne is amusing. Not many will care to be led from reading this study to those controversial books which, as a divine and later a bishop, Warburton worked so hard to produce. And yet it would be hard to find a more typical representative of the eighteenth century, or a more vigorous manipulator of the syllogism. Mr. Evans writes with fine discernment and objectivity, only rarely being open to the charge of pleading for his own mansion.

The Schleswig-Holstein Question, by Lawrence D. Steefel. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR STEEFEL'S monograph is written with first-rate scholarly attentiveness and a cultivated historian's disinterestedness. In so far as the materials permit, it is also graphically and judiciously written. Original sources, conversations with men who participated in the events and the works of those who have previously dealt with the subject are utilized. While the question—of deep interest to students of nationalism—is treated as a whole, emphasis is laid on the happenings of 1863 and 1864, when these territories involved all the European powers in a political crisis out of which Bismarck emerged with the spoils and with the scalp of Austria dangling at his belt. The present book may fairly lay claim to authoritativeness.

A Handbook of Fundamental Theology, by the Reverend John Brunsmann, S. V. D. Volume IV. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.00.

THE FOURTH volume of this clear yet succinct work deals with the teaching office as exercised by ecclesiastical authority and the practice of faith on the part of those who are subject to that authority. The first subject involves particularly infallibility, and the second, the definition, object, act and qualities of faith. A bibliography and index are supplied. The translation by Arthur Preuss is in simple, readily understood language, and the book while of special value to students, may because of its simplicity be recommended to the intelligent layman.

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